

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

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The Rescue.

BY EULETA WADSWORTH.

ROBERT complained bitterly about going to the picnic in the redwoods. Not that he didn't want to go, but because no other boy was going.

"I don't see why we can't take Bert, mother. We pass right by his house on the way."

"Because, dear, there will be five of us in the surrey as it is."

"Well, I wish when Zella has company she'd only have one girl at a time," he grumbled, "so I could have some one for company. I'll have a punk time alone."

Zella passed through the room just in time to hear Robert's last sentence.

"Pessimist," she called as she disappeared through the door.

"What's a pessimist, mother?" questioned Robert, scowling after his sister.

"It's a person who is always expecting unpleasant things instead of nice ones to happen."

Robert's only reply was to let his lips stick out farther in a pout and to kick the table leg two or three times. He continued his pouting all the time his mother was putting up the lunch; and even the fact that they were going to take the big camera, and mother said he could take some pictures himself, did not bring back the happiness to his face.

Going along the cool mountain road he watched the chipmunks here and there darting up into the high thick-leaved branches to hide or now and then a tiny whirlwind of dust made by a ground squirrel scampering into his hole, and his eyes were still gloomy. But when they turned off the road into the great redwoods his eyes began to change; for no one, not even a pouty boy, can find those great trees whose tops seem to end in the very sky uninteresting. There is something grand and wonderful in these giants.

Before Robert realized it he was whistling as he skipped along the path to the cold spring. He took a drink by lying flat on his stomach and putting his face right down in the little stream that ran from the spring. Just beyond the spring a short distance he came to a clearing. There were shelves nailed to the trees, a pile of straw, some old shoes, and a circle of rocks around a bed of ashes that had evidently been the fire of campers. As Robert went closer, he saw a knife blade sticking out of the ashes; and, when he went to pick it out, he found the ashes were warm.

He ran back to where Mrs. Leonard and the girls were taking the pillows and robes from the surrey to make a comfortable camping place.

"Oh, mother," he called, "I've found a camp, and the ashes are warm."

"Well, this time of year there are campers in here most all the time. I presume some have gone away only this morning."

"I found a knife," said Robert. "I'm going back and see if I can find something else."

But he didn't find anything at the deserted camp, so he went on through the tall brakes that were ever so much higher than his father's head. And Robert's father was a very tall man, too. Most boys of Robert's age would have been afraid in that thicket of ferns in the great redwoods, but he was used to the woods. He kept right on going farther and farther away from the surrey and the lunch basket. Beyond the ferns he came to the Dead Giant. That was the name of an immense fallen redwood. It had been lying there before the earliest settler had come to that part of California. Even on its side it was higher than a man's head. Robert liked to run up and down its long trunk. At the lower end another tree had fallen across it, and ferns and underbrush grew up and obstructed Robert's path to the extreme end of the big tree. So each time he ran just that far and back again up to the giant butt, and then down again that far, and so on.

Once he thought he heard a faint sound like a whine as he was turning to run back to the big end of the log; but it wasn't repeated, so he ran on. It was the fourth time he was turning around after running down the trunk that he heard the sound again more distinctly. He stopped. It was repeated twice. It was a peculiar sound to hear in the woods, a weak little whine like something in distress.

Most persons unused to noises in the woods would have been frightened. Robert was

not frightened. But he was puzzled. It was not like a noise a squirrel or a bird or a chipmunk would make. He couldn't imagine what it could be. He waited several seconds before he heard it again. That time it was a tiny wail. It seemed to Robert that it came up from almost under his feet. He stooped and peered down among the ferns that grew about the tree. He could see nothing, but he heard a faint scratching sound. He jumped from the big log to a limb of the smaller one which had fallen across it, and down between them he saw the ferns move. He reached down and parted them. And there, caught between the big tree and another limb of the smaller one, was a little black and white dog.

Only his head and front paws could be seen. He had fallen in such a way that he was wedged in with his hind legs dangling in the air and could neither get up on the log again nor drop through to the ground. With some difficulty Robert lifted him up and saw that he was a beautifully marked fox terrier. The poor fellow was so weak from struggling to get out he could not stand. Robert carried him to the spring, and he eagerly lapped the cool water. His poor throat must have been parched from whining and calling to his friends, the campers. And how badly they must have felt to go on without him; for, of course, they thought he had run away.

With him hugged tight in his arms Robert ran all the way back to the surrey. He was so happy to have rescued the little fellow he could only shout:

"See what I found. Oh, I'm so glad. He would have starved, mother. I'm so glad I found him. See, isn't he a beauty?"

Of course mother and the girls asked a great many questions, and Robert had to explain about the rescue two or three times. Mother said he had probably been chasing a squirrel or chipmunk when he slipped and fell in that peculiar position which made it impossible for him to free himself. The girls fed him from the lunch basket first, and then all the while the others were eating he lay with his head on Robert's foot and gazed up at him with his big brown eyes full of gratitude.

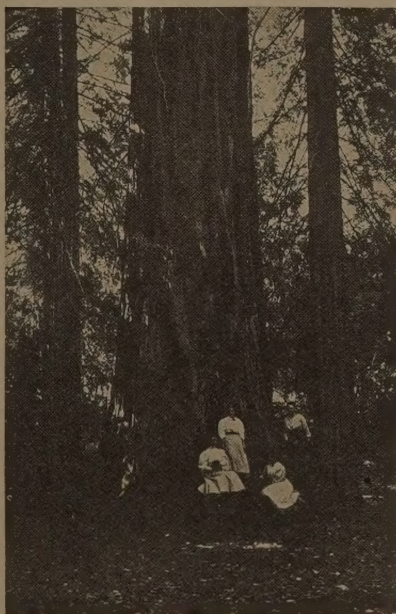
"What are you going to name him?" asked Zella.

Robert couldn't think of anything he liked. He wouldn't have Sport or Gip or any ordinary dog name. Finally Zella suggested that they call him Redwood since they found him in the redwoods. Robert liked that, for he said it could be Red for short.

Then Zella set up the camera to take his picture, but he wouldn't leave Robert long enough to sit for it. So Zella held him in her lap. Robert said he would rather squeeze the rubber bulb on the camera than be in the picture. But Red didn't take his eyes off his new master, not even for a moment.

When they got home the girls were saying what a splendid time they'd all had.

"I don't know about Robert," said mother, with a questioning look.



"Zella held Red on her lap while Robert squeezed the camera bulb."

Robert remembered how he had pouted in the morning, and he hung his head.

Presently he followed mother into the kitchen.

"What did Zella say I was this morning?"

"A pessimist," replied mother.

"Well, I'm not going to be it any more," said Robert. "You—you can't tell what's going to happen."

"No," smiled mother, "that's so. And—"

"And it might always be something nice like finding Red," interrupted Robert as he gave Red an affectionate squeeze.

Robert and the Robin.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

NO. I.

ROBERT lay on his back on the side lawn looking up into the cherry tree. "I wish I had a gun," he said to himself drowsily, "and I would kill that bird."

The bird moved fearlessly closer until he swung upon a branch directly over the small boy's head.

"I could kill him as easy as not," Robert decided, closing one eye along an imaginary "sight."

"And what do you want to kill me for?" demanded a tiny voice in tones of indignation. Robert rubbed his eyes and stared.

"Who said that?" he gasped.

"I did," answered the bird, staring down at him with round bright eyes. "What do you want to kill me for?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Robert; "all boys kill birds, don't they?"

"No, indeed!" answered the robin; "some boys would not think of killing their friends. They would be ashamed to do it."

Robert stared again. "Friends?" he exclaimed. "But you are not a friend of mine."

The robin sniffed. "Some people would call me that," he answered, "after all I have done for you this spring!"

"Why—what have you done for me?" Robert cried. "I didn't know you had done a single thing for me."

"That's because you never use your eyes," chirped the bird; "if you had, you would have seen me hovering around your favorite rose bush yesterday."

Robert colored. "I—I did," he confessed. "I threw a stone at you to drive you away."

The robin looked surprised. "Oh! So that was you that threw it," he exclaimed. "Now I call that unkind!"

"Well," defended Robert, "the rose bush looked as if it was going to die, and I thought maybe you were hurting it."

"Did you ever hear of a bird hurting a flower?" demanded the robin. "And did you look at your rose bush this morning?"

"Yes," answered Robert; "it looks better now."

"Thanks to me," answered the robin, coolly.

"To you—why, what did you have to do with it?"

"Everything," answered the other. "Do you know what was the matter with it?"

Robert shook his head.

"There were two worms cutting the roots," the robin answered, "and if they had been left alone they would have died. But I watched until I saw one of them stick his head above the ground for a second and then I grabbed him and pulled him out. Yesterday I caught the second one the same way, but I had to wait a long while to get him.

Yet I never hear boys talk about shooting a worm—and those worms certainly were killing your rose bush."

Robert laughed so hard at the thought of a boy shooting a worm that the robin arose in displeasure.

"Don't go away," Robert pleaded, at length stifling his shouts. But the robin flew over his head.

"I've got work to do," he said. "And I should think you might help me by watering the flowers. Damp earth is easier to dig bugs and worms out of than dry hard dirt."

"All right," answered Robert, "I will."

Signs of Spring.

THERE'S the palest blue in the sky o'erhead,

And a glad bird's song in the air;
There's a hum of bees from the apple trees,
And the laugh of a child somewhere.

There's the smell of loam from the new-tilled fields,

And the love-talk sweet of a wren;
There's a peep and a call from behind a wall,
Of a brood for the mother-hen.

There's a merry ring from the anvil's bells,
For the smith has thrown wide his door,
And his measured blow on the shoe aglow
Breaks the sound of his bellows' roar.

Oh, it's well I know that fair Spring has come,
By the things that I hear and see,
And, besides, I know that it must be so,
When the birds all tell it to me.

And it makes me glad just to live and love,
In a good old world like this,
And my heart speaks out in a song and shout
At the touch of Spring's warm kiss.

WILL P. SNYDER.

What Goldie found in the Path.

PERHAPS no one in the country was more pleased to learn that spring was coming than Grandpa Ashton. Winter had been long and cold, and Grandpa Ashton didn't like winter. He preferred freezing weather when he was a boy, but after he had rheumatism winter was a different thing. It meant, "Stay in the house, Mr. Ashton, and sit by the fire. Wait for spring, Mr. Ashton, wait for spring!"

Grandpa Ashton waited for spring because he was obliged to do so; but Grandma Ashton says he was often rather cross during that long, cold winter. His rheumatism was worse than usual and he couldn't walk a step without two canes; which may be the reason.

Every day when school was out Grandpa Ashton used to sit by the window and bow and smile to the passing children. He liked to see the seven children go hopping and skipping along the road, swinging their dinner-pails, kicking the snow or playing snowball; he said it cheered his heart to see their rosy cheeks.

The day Grandpa Ashton knew that winter had packed up his overcoat and icicles and was surely gone, he watched for the school-children. When they appeared, laughing and shouting for joy because it was Friday, Grandpa Ashton tapped loud on the window and motioned for them to come.

"Spring is here!" he announced after Grandma Ashton had opened the window.

"We know it, we know it!" shouted the

children. "We'll bring you pussy willows next week!"

"That is the very reason I called you!" declared Grandpa Ashton. "I wish to tell you this: I'll give a dollar to see a violet growing! The first child who brings me a violet, roots and all, shall have a dollar!"

The only one of the seven who didn't dance joyfully and promise to search through the woods for a violet the very next day, was Goldie Brown. She trudged soberly home. The next day was Saturday; and Saturday was Goldie's busiest day. She always washed breakfast dishes, did the dusting and took care of the three little ones, while her mother baked bread, cake, pies, cookies, and got the house in order for Sunday.

"It seems to me as if I couldn't get through with the Saturday work without Goldie's help," Mrs. Brown often told her neighbors. Goldie, short for Goldilocks, was a nickname.

The following morning six children called at the farmhouse for Goldie.

"Grandpa Ashton is going to give a dollar to the one who finds the first violet," one of the children explained, "and it wouldn't be fair if we didn't stop for Goldie!"

"I am sorry," replied Mrs. Brown, slowly, "but I can't spare Goldie this morning!"

At first Goldie Brown couldn't help crying; but she washed the dishes, did the dusting and took care of the three little sisters as if nothing had happened; as if she didn't long to be with the care-free children searching for violets. By the time Mrs. Brown asked Goldie to go to the bottom of the garden after horseradish roots the little girl was happy and smiling.

She ran with a hop, skip, and a jump to do the errand. After she reached the horseradish patch and had secured her roots, what did that little girl see in a clump of grass beside the sunny path but a blue violet blossom stretching toward the sun. It didn't take her long to dig the treasure and run with it to the house.

"See what I have found!" she exclaimed.

"Take it immediately to Grandpa Ashton!" advised her delighted mother, "and tell him that I say it grew in the path of duty!"

Somewhat puzzled, Goldie repeated her mother's message when she carried the violet, roots and all, to Grandpa Ashton.

"Nine cases out of ten," observed Grandpa Ashton solemnly, as he placed a shining dollar in Goldie's hand, "nine cases out of ten, you will find the choicest treasures in the Path of Duty!"

"The violets are not out yet," declared the six children, when at last they returned, tired and disappointed, from the woods.

"One violet was out," corrected Grandpa Ashton; "it was out looking for Goldie Brown who stayed home to help her mother!" And until Grandma Ashton planted that violet in the yard a week later, Grandpa Ashton told all his callers about the violet that bloomed in Goldie Brown's path of duty. He sometimes tells that story to this day!

FRANCES MARGARET FOX,
in Sunday School Times.

*And O, and O,
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are awakened;
And the violets white
Sit in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.*

KEATS.

The Tree of my Life.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

MY life is like a sturdy tree
Deep-grounded in God's care,
And nourished well and made to grow
By earnest, trusting prayer.

The roots are cords of reverent love
And hold me firm for aye;
The trunk, unyielding faith that grows
More strong from day to day.

The branches are the thoughts I think;
The leaves, the words I speak;
The blossoms are intents to do,
However frail and weak.

As by its fruit the tree is known,
So will my life be, too;
And when my life is growing right,
My deeds are kind and true.

The Lost Lily.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

JANIE and Mark went to a little country school where there were only fifteen children, all small ones, and dear Miss Dora, the teacher. One day when the children ran out at the noon recess to play, they wandered down to the brook that flowed through the back of the school lot. And there, standing up by the brookside, was a tall green stalk crowned with a shining white lily.

"How did it get there?" cried Janie. "I never even saw the stalk before."

"That's because it is in the tall grass," said Mark.

Little Ted ran to pick the lily, but every child cried no, and Mark, the biggest boy, dragged him back.

"That beautiful lily shall be for the school," said the children. "We can all come to look at it and smell it and love it, but no one shall pick it."

They ran to get Miss Dora, and she came and admired it. When they looked at it closely they found a dozen buds, so they knew they would have lilies until school was out the first of July.

"But how did it come here?" cried Janie. "Lilies like this do not grow wild in our woods."

"No," said Miss Dora, "it is not a wild one, but a very fine garden lily. It is hardy, though, and will come up year after year. Presently we shall have a bed of lilies if we take good care of it."

The boys pulled the grass from around the roots, and loosened the earth. They found a slender little stake that would not show, and tied the lily loosely to it with a soft bit of cloth. They left some taller wild plants growing so that it would hide the lily from people passing on the road, lest some thoughtless person should see it and take their treasure.

All the rest of the term the children visited their lily every day, and loved it. But no one could guess how it got there. They called it the lost lily, and liked to imagine that it had got tired of living in a garden, and had started out to see the world. They were very glad it had decided to stop and make its home behind the schoolhouse.

Then one day in vacation Mark took a basket of berries to sell to Mrs. Clemm, who had a lovely summer home on the hillside.



From painting by Millet.

PLANTING TIME.

In her garden he saw some lilies like the one at school.

"Oh!" he cried, "we have a lily like that at school. We call it our lost lily."

Mrs. Clemm smiled. "I'm glad the school got one of those lilies," she said. "I must tell you how it happened to be there. Last summer and fall I had a boy staying with me who was very fond of flowers. When the gardener was preparing those lily beds for autumn he found a number of bulbs that must be thrown away. But the boy said, 'What a pity to throw those lovely things away.' So he took them, and went about the fields and woods, and planted them, so that the lilies might grow up and surprise people with their beauty this summer. I am so glad that you children at school liked the lily and took care of it. And don't you think the boy's thought was a pleasant one?"

Yes, Mark did think so, and he went home thinking something else.

"I might do that, too," he said. "Not with lilies, for we haven't any. But there are all those phloxes mother has to dig out. She says they will grow anywhere. And our fence corners are full of weeds. I shall tell Janie, and some of the other children, and we'll plant flowers in those places, and we'll take some more plants to school to surprise teacher again next summer."

So Mark told the other children, and every one found something to plant. And now that neighborhood in the country is just full of children's pleasant thoughts coming into bloom all summer. Some had one sort of plant, and some another. They took care of their own fence corner. Weeds were pulled out, and hardy flowers that would not need too much care put in. Then after a year or two the school-yard was so pretty that people driving past stopped to look. Trees were trimmed. The lawn of short orchard grass was kept trim. The line along the fence was planted to flowering shrubs, and up close to the schoolhouse were beds of bright flowers. The little woods behind the school had been turned into a sort of

park. There was a big lily bed under the trees now, for Mrs. Clemm gave the children more bulbs when she saw how interested they were.

The church-yard, too, has visible proof of the children's pleasant thoughts. There are shrubs, and flowers, and a smooth lawn. Of course the big people were helping by this time; but it all began because the children had those pleasant thoughts, and worked them out as far as they could alone.

Sunday School News.

OUR school at Springfield, Mass., reports through its superintendent, Mr. James Grover, that its present enrollment is 121. This does not include the Cradle Roll of 24, which is considered an integral part of the school. The school is graded, and is using the books of The Beacon Series. The two older boys' classes are larger than the corresponding classes of girls—a distinction of which the school is justly proud. The class offerings are bestowed for a definite purpose which continues through the year, so that intelligent interest in the object itself is aroused. A newly renovated Sunday school room and a new piano add to the attractiveness of the sessions. Seven officers, thirteen teachers, a substitute teacher for each grade, and an emergency substitute, make a working force that is exceptional. Springfield has, as the report shows, a school of first rank.

Our Sunday school of the First Church in Salem, Mass., is having good success with a graded course of study, using the Scribner's series. A class of boys from fifteen years up is studying ethical questions in present-day history. A nativity play, arranged by the minister of the church from the New Testament story, was presented by the children of the school at the Christmas season. The effect was that of a religious service. Carols were sung to introduce each of the scenes.

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From the Editor to You.

A "Guid Fechter." These are Scotch words which mean "good fighter." John Muir, Scotch by birth, but living in this country since he was ten years old until his recent death at the age of seventy-six, used them to describe the boyhood ideal in the school which he attended as a lad. It was in Scotland, and he began his school days, the *Youth's Companion* tells us, before he was three years old. He wrote of his early school life, that

"After attaining the manly, belligerent age of five or six years, very few of my school days passed without a fist fight, and half a dozen was no uncommon number. To be a 'guid fechter' was our highest ambition, our dearest aim in life in or out of school."

In a much better sense than that boyish one, John Muir was a "guid fechter" to the end of his life. His years in the Sierras, where he studied glaciers, were filled with romantic adventure. He fought with the storms and the ice, and conquered them. Hardened to every sort of exposure, John Muir learned to live and to sleep out doors, to endure cold and fatigue and peril. He carried only the simplest equipment. Tent, blankets, and firearms he considered unnecessary. He carried only note-books, a tin cup, and an axe, and the simplest food, usually tea, bread, and cheese. In the coldest regions he had a hut for shelter, but in many places he slept out beside an open fire, which he renewed several times during the night. The story of his dog "Stickeen" will interest all our young readers, and give them a glimpse of mountain, ice-crevasse, snow-storm, and adventurous exploration, and, better yet, a picture of the author and his dog.

John Muir's greatest fight was his long struggle to save to this country its forests and its national parks. While we remember him as explorer, geologist, botanist, and author, let us remember, too, that he saved for the people of this land our national parks. One of them, happily, Muir Wood in California, bears his name. Isn't that a fine way to serve one's country, to be a "guid fechter" against the greed and selfishness that would rob our nation of its God-given beauty? A better way, I am sure we all agree, than pounding other men with our fists or shooting them with a gun.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong.

STODDARD.

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ANSONVILLE, N.C.,
P. O. Box, 282.

My dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am a little girl, will be seven years of age the 16th of February. I have two little sisters, four and one years old. I go to Sunday school sometimes. I like to go very much.

Yours truly,
KATIE CAGLE.

DAVENPORT, IA.,
719 Main Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live in Davenport. Every Sunday I get *The Beacon*. I think a great deal of it, and save every one. We have enrolled one hundred and twenty-five members. I have an interesting teacher and am always glad when Sunday comes. I am eleven years old, and would like to join the Beacon Club as I always read the letters.

Hoping you will accept my letter, I remain
Your friend,

HORTENSE FINCH.

CLEVELAND, OHIO,
2035 E. 96th Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school of Cleveland, of which Mr. Simons is minister. I have enjoyed your paper, *The Beacon*. For two years I took it to an old lady eighty years old, who also loved your stories, and I still love to get the paper. A few years ago I enjoyed your little talk at Channing Hall, and I hope I shall be able to hear you again. Wishing you a Happy New Year, and hoping I may become a member of your Beacon Club,

I am your little friend,
LYDIA BARTLETT GERRARD.

MADISON, WIS.,
21 Summit Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have gone to Sunday school since I was a baby. I have been interested in *The Beacon* since I learned to understand.

Sincerely,
SHERMAN MORRIS.

ELLSWORTH, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a little six-year-old scholar of the Unitarian Sunday school. We had a beautiful Christmas tree on Christmas eve, and such a jolly time. My teacher is Miss Eva Giles. I wish you a Happy New Year.

EVELYN L. LORD.

Evelyn's letter is written with her own hand. We are very glad to receive her message and admit her to our Club.

HINGHAM, MASS.,
23 Elm Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I take *The Beacon* every Sunday, and would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the First Unitarian Parish in Hingham. It is called The Old Ship Church.

Yours truly,
HELEN EGGLESTON.

MADISON, WIS.,
719 East Johnson Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old. I go to the First Unitarian Sunday school. Each class has the name of some great Unitarian. The name of my class is the Henry W. Longfellow class. Mr. Bull is the superintendent. My teacher's name is Miss Brabant. I wish to join the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,
MATILDA SWEET.

Letters have also been received from Fred Eggleston, Inez M. Rich, Helen Ware, and Amy Peterson, all of Hingham, Mass.; May Harriet Millington (10), Winthrop, Mass.; Helen K. Whipple, Lebanon, N.H.; Stella Elizabeth Blake (12) (who sends an enigma), Saco, Me.; Helen Fowler (12), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Forrest Collier, Jr. (10), and Harding Bryant (8), both of Billerica, Mass.; Harry A. Armstead (12), Methuen, Mass.; Martha Foster (11), Eugene, Ore.; Anna A. Wiley (who sends an enigma), Cavendish, Vt.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LVII.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 5, 18, 15, is a place for lodging.
My 11, 27, 1, 2, 12, 10, is the name of a boy.
My 1, 2, 20, 23, 25, 6, 23, 4, 7, 1, is the name of a pin.
My 22, 10, 14, 3, is in the sky.
My 23, 27, 26, 17, 19, is also in the sky.
My 24, 9, 16, 10, 25, 3, 21, is a school book.
My 8, 25, 26, 15, is a time of day.
My whole is where this enigma was made.

A CLASS OF BOYS.

ENIGMA LVIII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 4, 14, 10, 18, 2, 15, is a flower.
My 10, 13, 9, is a night bird.
My 1, 5, 19, is a body of salt water.
My 24, 10, 20, is the opposite of glad.
My 18, 8, 19, 12, is an ore.
My 10, 3, 19, 21, 17, 22, is a kind of fruit.
My 6, 16, 14, 21, is not thick.
My 3, 10, 10, 6, is found in the ground.
My 13, 7, 19, 9, 2, is a salt water fish.
My 11, 10, 23, 24, is a boy's name.
My whole is found in one of the Psalms.

GRACE M. CHASE.

ENIGMA LIX.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 13, 2, 9, 6, 5, is a narrow road.
My 1, 10, 3, 4, 7, is what we ride in sometimes.
My 8, 12, 15, is a boy's nickname.
My 11, 14, 15, is what they used in the olden times to ride in.
My whole is a wild flower.

MADELINE LIBBY.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. Part of the verb "to eat."
3. A motor power.
4. Part of the body.
5. A consonant.

The Mayflower.

BEHEADINGS.

Drop *d* from the following:

1. From a valley, and find a drink.
2. From a male bird, and find a garden implement.
3. From a gloomy place, and find the ship of Noah.
4. From the verb to spring, and find art.
5. From the verb to beat, and find a drink.
6. From the adjective sad, and find wrath.
7. From an evil spirit, and find a wrong.
8. From the verb swallowed, and find a position.
9. From a word used by lovers, and find a part of the body.
10. From the capital of Delaware, and find a word meaning above.

RUTH M. MORTON.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

Take two A's, two E's, and one each of N, L, O, P, and R, and mix them so as to make one of the wonders of the present day.

The Mayflower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 28.

- ENIGMA LIII.—Theodore Clapp.
A RIDDLE.—The sea.
ENIGMA LIV.—Let thy light shine.